

directions was like a great bog. Had several hauls with the trawl in the harbour, getting plentiful supplies of large prawns, starfish, coral, and seaweed.

PORT FAMINE TO SANDY POINT.

*Jan. 14th.*—A charming morning. We left the port, and steaming over a calm sea, and passing the land rapidly, it was near 9 A.M. when the anchor was dropped in the roadstead off Punta Arenas, the site of a small settlement established by the Chilian government. This colony, the only one in the straits, has a governor and other officials, and some hundred colonists.

I took the opportunity of landing, and had a stroll round the settlement, which consists of a number of wooden buildings so grouped as to form one long straggling street, running nearly parallel with the beach. From this it is intended that other streets shall branch off, but they are at present only indicated by scattered buildings half a mile apart. A large square, or Plaza, is provided for, on one side of which is the hospital, and on the other the residence of the British Consul (Mr. Hamilton). At the extreme end of the main street is the residence of the governor, and beyond is a large inclosure containing the barracks, the prison, and the guard-house.

A small river is at hand, and forests where abundant supplies of timber are to be obtained; here also are considerable tracts of open country for cattle-